TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

HENRY B. MASSER, } PUBLISHERS AND
JOSEPH EISELY. } PROPRIETORS.

H. B. MASSER, Editor.

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SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.

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PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

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Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

☞Sixteen lines make a square.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

An Infant's Spirit.

An infant's soul.—the sweetest thing on earth,
To which endowments beautiful are given,
As might befit a more than mortal birth,—
What shall it be, when, 'midst its winning mirth,
And love, and trustfulness, 'tis borne to heaven?
Will it grow into might above the skies?—
A spirit of high wisdom glory, power,—
A cherub guard of the Eternal Tower,
With knowledge filled of its vast mysteries?
Or will perpetual childhood be its dower?—
To sport forever a bright joyous thing,
Amid the wonders of the shining thrones,
Yielding its praise in glad, but feeble tones,
A tender dove beneath the Almighty wing?

A. M. F. B.

Trust not the World.

Think not the world is what it seems,
Deceit is every where;
Think not each word with goodness teems,
They may beget despair;
Think not each heart is fair within,
Tho' all without be bright.
They rankle oft with deepest sin,
When most concealed from light.

The heart may be estranged, and spurn
The object once its boast,
And yet, the outward smile return,
Of love, when loving most;
And too, the cup with wine may flow,
And sparkle to the brim,
Still, still, to him there's certain woe,
Who trusts his lips within.

The fairest flower that sweetly bloom,
And spread its fragrance round,
But soon it finds an early tomb,
The worm within is found:
A thousand snares are ever near,
Where all securely shows,
They oft deceive whom least we fear,
And prove our greatest foes.

Hartford, Jan. 1841.

The Oxford Tandem.

As classic Bob his tandem drove,
A friend his leading prancer
Praised to the skies, and asked his name:—
"Why, Xerxes," was the answer.
"And t'other sir, pray, what's he called;
Methinks he's somewhat jerks us;"
"Oh, hang it, man, of course," said Bob,
"His name is AFTER XERXES!"

FIRES.

Why are coke and charcoal fires free om smoke?

Because the moisture has been previously dissipated; this moisture producing the smoke of coal fires.

Why does too much coal on a fire use the chimney to smoke?

Because when the heat begins to operate on the coal, gas is extricated: this gas carrying some of the grosser particles along with it, a heavy smoke is blown out, which will not rise in the chimney, but by its own gravity is forced into the room; on which the warm air of the apartment being lighter than what comes in, instantly ascends towards the ceiling, and the lower part becomes cool. But if a portion of the fuel is taken off, then the small quantity of active caloric, or heat, acts with greater force on the unconsumed coal, brings out its latent or inactive heat more rapidly, and thereby producing a quicker decomposition of the gases, by the increasing combustion, the smoke becomes thinner and lighter, and though it carries up certainly more caloric with it proportionally than before, yet the quantity of radient heat is greater, and the temperature of the apartment is more equalized.

Why do some chimneys smoke?

Because the wind is too much let in at the mouth of the shaft, or the smoke is stifled below; or there is too little room in the vent, particularly where several open into the same funnel. The situation of the house may likewise effect them, especially if backed by higher buildings.

Why does water thrown on brisk and flaming fire, apparently increase the combustion?

Because the water is converted into steam, which expanding and mixing with the flame, causes it to spread out into a much larger volume than it otherwise would have occupied.

Why does sunshine extinguish a fire?

Because the rays engage the oxygen which had hitherto supported the fire.

Why does a fire burn briskly and clearly in cold weather?

Because the air being more dense, affords more nourishment to the fire.

Why is it wastful to wet small coal?

Because the moisture, in being evaporated, carries off with it, as latent, and therefore useless, a considerable proportion of what the combustion produces. It is a very common prejudice, that the wetting of coal, by making it last longer, effects a great saving; but, in truth, it restrains the combustion, and for a time makes a bad fire: it also wastes the heat.

Why do vegetable stalks, &c. burn briskly?

Because of the quantity of carbon which they contain.

Why does flour of sulphur, thrown into a fireplace, extinguish a chimney when on fire?

Because, by its combustion, it affects the decomposition of the atmospheric air, which is, consequently, annihilated.

Why are strong flames often seen at the chimney top of foundry furnaces?

Because the heat of the furnace is so great, that the smoke burns on reaching the oxygen of the atmosphere.

Why is it evident that coal is derived from vegetation?

Because there are few coals but that present more or less of a woody texture: to be traced from the betumenized wood, which still bears, though approaching in its nature to coal, the trunk, the branches, and even the very leaves of trees, through all the varieties of coal, into the most compact slaty kind, of the oldest formation.

Why is charcoal sometimes found among coal?

Because the slate which covers the coal layers takes fire, in consequence of its containing sulphur, in such minute division, as readily to attract oxygen and inflame; thus converting vegetable remains into charcoal.*

Why do fatal accidents happen from the burning of charcoal in chambers?

Because of the abundance of carbonic acid gas extricated during the combustion.

Why are the inside of water casks charred or slightly burned?

Because the charcoal thus produced in the casks, keeps the water sweet, and in some measure, preserves the wood from the influence of damp.

Why are long, shallow stove grates uneconomical?

Because the body of the coal is not soon heated, and required to be oftener replenished, to keep up the fire.

Why is the extreme heat of stoves for heating rooms, pernicious to health?

Because if the temperature be thus raised much higher than 300° Fahrenheit, the animal and vegetable matter, which is found mechanically mixed at all times with the air, will be decomposed, and certain elastic vapors and fluids produced, of a deleterious quality, and peculiar smell. The matter here alluded to is very visible to the naked eye in a sunbeam let in to a dark room.

Why do flint and steel when struck together produce a shower of sparks?

Because small portions of one or both are struck off by the violence of the collision, in a state of white heat, and the particles of the iron burn in passing through the air: in a vacuum the heated particles are equally produced, but are scarcely visible from this combustion not occurring. In both cases they suffice to inflame gunpowder, or to light tinder.—

*This curious fact is recorded by Dr. Richardson, the naturalist, in Franklin's Expedition of Discovery, respecting the shale on the coasts of the Arctic Sea. This shale composed precipitous banks, which, in many places, *were on fire.*

Effectual Rat Trap.

Take a tight barrel, with one head out. Pour a couple of pails full of water into it. Draw over the top a sheepskin, and confine it by a string drawn around the upper part of the barrel. Cut the skin from the centre, at right angles, to nearly the barrel's edge. Smear the centre of the skin with grease, mixed with meal. Set a board from the floor up against the top of the barrel, with meal strewed on it, for the rats to walk up. As they step upon the skin and advance towards the centre, suddenly their foundation will give way and they will fall into the water, from which there is no retreat. If you place a brick or stone in the barrel, just so as to leave the top of it out of water, the first rat that falls in will climb thereon and set up a cry, which will call the whole family of rats to see what the matter is. As each new comer enters on the skin covered top of the barrel, he too is plunged below to keep company with the alarmist. In this way many rats, perhaps all there are in the house, may be taken in a single night. The trap is a simple one, and costs but little. Those who have tried it say it is effectual.—[Maine Cultivator.

CURE FOR THE BLACK TONGUE.—If your horse has the disease called the "black tongue," take a handful of fine salt and rub it faithfully upon his tongue once or twice, and this operation will cure it in about every case.

Farms in England.

Nine-tenths of the cultivated lands of Great Britain are leased to tenants, who pay from two to five pounds sterling per acre, annual rent. Now admitting taxes and labor and other expenses to be no higher here than they are there, it will at once be seen that our common cultivation will no where do much more than pay the price of rent; but by superior productiveness, occasioned by superior cultivation, the British farmer is not only enabled to pay rents and taxes; but finding every thing for husbandry, and all articles put upon the ground; he obtains also, wealth from the pursuit of his calling.

Murwen stated the produce of an English farm of 894 acres, in the year 1811, to be £8,578—equal to $38,000. On this ground were carried, in that year, the almost incredible quantity of 13,746 one-horse cart loads of manure, and in the next year 10,250 more! Suppose the rent of this farm to be twelve dollars an acre, the expense of manure and its application twelve dollars more; still there will be left, as profit, ten dollars an acre; leaving a clear gain of about ten thousand dollars to the tenant.

A hay-farm, near London, of 160 acres, was rented for twelve dollars an acre, or 1920 dollars a year: the tenant commenced with a great outlay for manure—an outlay which would here be considered at least equal to the value of the land before it was manured, a large outlay for farming implements, and for accommodations and wages for labourers; and yet he has constantly been accumulating riches from this farm, after paying all expenses.—[Monthly Visitor.

Make your own Measures.

A BUSHEL. This has 2150 4-10 cubic inches. A bushel box will be 16 inches by 16 8-10 in. square, and 8 in. deep.

HALF BUSHEL. A box 12 inches long by 11 2-10 inches wide and 8 deep, will hold just half a bushel.

PECK. A box 8 inches by 8 4-10 in. square and 8 inches deep, is a peck.

HALF A PECK is 8 inches by 8 inches square and 4 2-10 inches deep, or 268 8-10 cubic inches.

HALF GALLON. This contains 131 4-10 cubic inches. A box 7 inches by 4 inches and 4 8-10 inches deep, has just that quantity.

QUART. 4 inches by 4 inches and 4 2-10 deep.

Curing Hams.

A correspondent of the Farmer's Cabinet gives the following method of preserving hams:

I turn my barrel over a pan or kettle, in which I burn hard wood for seven or eight days, keeping a little water on the head of the barrel, to prevent it from drying. I then pack two hundred weight of ham in my barrel, and prepare a pickle by putting six gallons of water in a boiler, with twelve pounds of salt, twelve ounces of saltpetre, and two quarts of molasses. This I stir sufficiently to dissolve the salt, &c., and let it boil and skim it. I then let it cool, and pour it on my ham, and in one week I have smoked ham, very tender, of an excellent flavor, and well smoked.

Cold Bedrooms.

A person accustomed to undress in a room without fire, and to seek repose in a cold bed, will not experience the least inconvenience, even in the severest weather. The natural heat of his body will very speedily render him even more comfortably warm than the individual who sleeps in a heated apartment, and in a bed thus artificially warmed, and who will be extremely liable to a sensation of chilliness as soon as the artificial heat is dissipated. But this is not all—the constitution of the former will be rendered more robust, and far less susceptible to the influence of atmospherical vicissitudes than that of the latter.—[Jour. of Health.

BLIND STAGGERS IN SWINE.—The cause of the disease is stoppage; the cure is effected by purging.

Administer from four to six ounces of castor oil as soon as possible after you discover symptoms of the disease, and continue to give the animal laxative medecine until the cause is removed.—[Yankee Farmer.

The annual value of the agricultural crops of New Jersey, is estimated at twelve millions of dollars. Hay constitutes nearly one-third.

The Iron Trade.

Sir John Guest states that all protecting duties are nugatory on iron, as it can be manufactured cheaper in this country than in any other part of the world. He gives the following sketch of the iron trade: "In 1740 almost the whole of the iron in this country was made from charcoal, and the make was 17,350 tons. In 1788, in consequence of the introduction of the new process of making iron of pit coal, the quantity increased to 68,300 tons, about which time Mr. Watt brought his improvements to bear upon the iron trade by the introduction of steam engines for blowing the furnaces; after which time there was a still more rapid increase. In 1796 the quantity produced was 125,000 tons. In the next ten years, down to 1806, the quantity was increased to 258,000 tons. In 1823 the quantity produced was 452,000 tons. The quantity in 1826 was 581,000 tons—this was all pig iron. In 1828 the quantity was 703,000 tons. From that time to 1831 it became stationary; it rather diminished in 1830, in consequence of the distress which prevailed in the country at that time; from which time the increase has been still more rapid. In 1835 it was estimated at about a million of tons; in 1836 it was estimated at one million two hundred thousand tons, and the estimate made by a very intelligent person who went round the works in 1839 was one million five hundred and twelve tons, which is rather increasing. A very large proportion of the great increase, latterly, has been produced by the introduction of hot air in the blast furnace."—[Report on Import Duties.

ELECTRICITY FOR MOTIVE POWER.—A German artist in London, is about to take out a patent for the invention of a clock, of which the motive power is to be electricity. Its construction is said to be one of extreme simplicity.

Be content with DESERVING praise, and if your self-esteem is not gratified by HEARING it, yourself, whilst living, when you are dead posterity will do justice to your memory, and your children, to the end of their days, will take pride and pleasure in remembering that you were their father—or their mother.

A Fashionable Lady at the Piano.

'She seated herself at the piano, rocked to the right and then to the left, leaned forward then backward, and began. She placed her right hand about midway the keys, and her left about two octaves below it. She now put off the right in a brisk canter up the treble notes, and the left after it. The left then led the way back, and the right pursued it in like manner. The right turned, and repeated its first movement; but the left outran it this time, hopped over it and flung it entirely off the track. It came in again, however, behind the left, and passed it in the same style. They now became highly incensed at each other, and met furiously on the middle ground.

Here a most awful conflict ensued for about the space of ten seconds, when the right whipped off all of a sudden, as I thought fairly vanquished. But I was in error as best which Jack Randolph cautions us. 'It had only fallen back to a stronger position.' It mounted upon two black keys, and commenced the note of a rattlesnake. This had a wonderful effect upon the left, and placed the doctrine of 'snake charming' beyond a dispute. The left rushed furiously towards it repeatedly but seemed invariably panic struck when it came within six keys of it, and as invariably retired with a tremendous roaring down the bass keys. It continued its assaults, sometimes by way of naturals, sometimes by way of the sharps, and sometimes by a zig zag through both; but all the attempts to dislodge the right from its stronghold proving ineffectual, it came close up to its adversary and expired.—*Georgia Scenes.*

WOMAN'S TONGUE.—For the especial benefit of those crusty Benedicts, whether married or single, who are ever prone to rail at the use of feminine parts of speech, we copy the following epigram, by Robert Tannahill, a Scotch poet. We hope they will hereafter acquiesce in the distribution of power, and hold their peace.

"Nature imparted in her ends,
When she made man the strongest,
In justice then, to make amends,
Made woman's tongue the longest."

Sat. Eve. Post.

GOOD.—"Why is the letter D like a ring?" said a young lady to her accepted, one day. The gentleman, like the generality of his sex in such a situation, was as dull as a hammer. "Because," added the lady, with a very modest look at the picture at the other end of the room, 'we can't be wed without it."

A school boy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied, 'If you please sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system of penmanship the heavy strokes upwards and the down ones light."

From the Irish Penny Journal.

A short Chapter of Bustles.

BUSTLES!—what are bustles? Ay, reader, fair reader, you may well ask that question. But some of your sex at least know the meaning of the word, and the use of the article it designates, sufficiently well, though, thank heaven! there are many thousands of my country women who are as yet ignorant of both, and indeed to whom such knowledge would be quite useless. Would that I were in equally innocent ignorance! Not, reader, that I am of the feminine gender, and use the article in question; but my knowledge of its mysterious uses, and the various material of which it is composed, has been the ruin of me. I will have inscribed on my tomb, "Here lies a man who was killed by a bustle!"

But before I detail the circumstances of my unhappy fate, it will perhaps be proper to give a description of the article itself, which has been the cause of my undoing. Well, then, a bustle is

* * * * * * *

I made the discovery a few years since, and up to that time I had always borne the character of a sage, sedate, and promising young man—one likely to get on in the world by my exertions, and therefore sure to be helped by my friends. I was even, I flatter myself, a favorite with the fair sex too; and justly so, for I was their most ardent admirer; and there was one most lovely creature among them whom I had fondly hoped to make my own. But, alas! how vain and visionary are our hopes of human happiness; such hopes with me have fled forever! As I said before, I am a ruined man, all in consequence of ladies' bustles!

In an unlucky hour I was in a ball-room, seated at a little distance from my fair one—my eyes watching her every air and look, my ears catching every sound of her sweet voice—when I heard her complain to a female friend, in tones of the softest whispering music, that she was oppressed with the heat of the place. "My dear," her friend replied, "it must be the effect of your bustle. What do you stuff it with?" "Hair—horse-hair," was the reply. "Hair!—mercy on us!" says her friend, "it is no wonder you are oppressed—that's a *hot-and-hot* material truly. Why you should do as I do—you do not see me fainting; and the reason is, that I stuff my bustle with hay—new hay!"

I heard no more, for the ladies, supposing from my eyes that I was a listener, changed the topic of conversation, though indeed it was not necessary, for at the time I had not the slightest notion of what they meant. Time, however, passed on most favorably to my wishes—another month, and I should have called my Catherine my own. She was on a visit to my sister, and I had every opportunity to make myself agreeable. We sang together, we talked together, and we danced together. All this would have been very well, but unfortunately we also walked together. It was on the last time we ever did so that the circumstance occurred which I have now to relate, and which gave the first deathblow to my hopes of happiness. We were crossing Carlisle-bridge, her dear arm locked in mine, when we chanced to meet a female friend; and wishing to have a little chat with her without incommoding the passengers, we got to the edge of the flag-way near which at the time there was standing an old white horse, totally blind. He was a quiet-looking animal, and none of us could have supposed from his physiognomy that he had any savage propensity in his nature. But imagine my astonishment and horror when I suddenly heard my charmer give a scream that pierced me to the very heart!—and when I perceived that this atrocious old blind brute, having slowly and slyly swayed his head round, caught the—how shall I describe it?—caught my Catherine—really I can't say how—but he caught her; and before I could extricate her from his jaws, he made a reef in her garments such as lady never suffered. Silk gown, petticoat, bustle—everything, in fact, gave way, and left an opening—a chasm—an exposure, that may perhaps be imagined, but cannot be described.

As rapidly as I could, of course, I got my fair one into a jarvy, and hurried home, the truth gradually opening in my mind as to the cause of the disaster—it was, that the blind horse, hungry brute, had been attracted by the smell of my Catherine's bustle, made of hay—new hay!

Catherine was never the same to me afterwards—she took the most invincible dislike to walk with me, or rather, perhaps, to be seen in the streets with me. But matters were not yet come to the worst, and I had indulged in hopes that she would yet be mine. I had however taken a deep aversion to bustles, and even determined to wage war upon them to the best of my ability. In this spirit, a few days after, I determined to wreak my vengeance on my sister's bustle, for I found by this time that she too was emulous of being a Hottentot beauty. Accordingly, having to accompany her and my intended wife to a ball, I stole into my sister's room in the course of the evening before she went into it to dress, and pouncing upon her hated bustle, which lay on her toilet table, I inflicted a cut on it with my pen-knife, and retired. But what a mistake did I make! Alas, it was not my sister's bustle, but my Catherine's! However, we went to the ball, and for a time all went smoothly on. I took out my Catherine as a partner in the dance; but imagine my horror when I perceived her gradually becoming thinner and thinner—loosing her *embonpoint*—as she danced; and, worse than that, in every movement which she described in the figure—the ladies' chain, the chassee—was accurately marked—recorded—on the chalked floor with—bran! Oh dear! reader, pity me: was ever man so unfortunate? This sealed my doom. She would never speak to me, or even to look at me afterwards.

But this was not all. My character with the sex—ay, with both sexes—was also destroyed. I who had been heretofore, as I said, considered as an example of prudence and discretion for young men, was now set down as a thoughtless, devil may-care wag, never to do well: the men treated me coldly, and the women turned their backs upon me; and so thus in reality made me what they had supposed I was.

Stung at length by my misfortunes, and the hopelessness of my situation, I became utterly reckless, and only thought of carrying out my revenge on the bustle in every way in my power, and this I must say with some pride I did for awhile with good effect. I got a number of the hated articles manufactured for myself, but not, reader, to wear, as you shall hear. Oh! no; but whenever I received an invitation to a party—which indeed had latterly been seldom sent me—I took one of these articles in my pocket, and, watching a favorable opportunity, when all were engaged in the mazy figure of the dance, let it secretly fall amongst them. The result may be imagined—ay, reader, imagine it, for I cannot describe it with effect. First, the half-shppressed, but simultaneous scream of all the ladies as it was held up for a claimant; next, the equally simultaneous movement of the ladies' hands, all quickly disengaged from those of their partners, and not raised up in wonder, but carried down to their—bustles! Never was movement in the dance executed with such precision; and I should be immortalized as the inventor of an attitude so expressive of sentiment and of *feeling*.

Alas! this is the only consolation now afforded me in my afflictions: I invented a new attitude—a new movement in the quadrille: let others see that it be not forgotten.

Sam Slick's Visit to the Fair.

BY O. P. W.

As Sam was promenading silently, and thinking I'll keep easy, and make poverty a great convenience, one of the gentler sex politely accosted him, and asked him in a business manner—"Will you take a cup of coffee, sir?" "No objections, being it's you, and if I like it I'll take another, and then may be as how I'll drink your health," replied Sam. "Thank you, sir, I must acknowledge a compliment, and will drink with you with pleasure. Your name, if I mistake not, sir, is Samuel Slick." "Well, you have guessed it slick enough." "I was sure it was, and as I note all the calls I have, I will set it down, for really I fear I may have fewer calls than others." "Hardly says Sam; "for if you were up for raffle I'd go a chance in you" "Another compliment, sir, and hope you are not going; but, ah! I see a lady calls you on the opposite side of the room." "Well, miss, what do I owe you?"—"For one cup of coffee, sir, 50 cents, and for two cups, sir, $1—for three cups, sir, you recollect I drank coffee with you, is $1 50—in all is $3, sir, and then you know you paid two compliments, which, according to our established rules is 50 cents each, makes in all $4—and as you have given a $6 piece, I'm sure you'll take this question, with your initials and name upon it in full, for the other dollar, as I have no change. Ah! see, sir, the lady calls"—hurrying sam off. Sam acknowledges the summons with all due formality, and the lady hands him a letter, telling him it was given to her by a friend to hand to him, hearing that he would visit the fair, and requesting her to receive 25 cents, the amount of postage paid upon it, at the same time commending him for his general liberality, and asking a contribution of a shilling to aid the poor fund, which was readily paid, and Sam, feeling himself at liberty to read, broke the seal, and read as follows:

"Sir: I hope no liberty in this method of informing you, that such persons as visit the fair and buy nothing, (seeing you have nothing,) can leave any contributions of money with me, in aid of our fund for the poor. Respectfully, &c."

This touched Sam's tender sentiments—as he had been spending money so liberally at the fair, to forget the poor would not do; and putting his hand into his pocket, drew forth $3 and surrendered, two of which were shortly returned to him, with a statement that they were lead, and he must replace them or it would not redound to his credit—which Sam was found quick in doing, making all apologies for the error, and regretting he did not know the person who passed them upon him; so concluding, as he did not want any of the babies and cradles, &c., to return home. When about to make his exit, he was stopped by the door-keeper, who told him he must pay a dollar to go out, saying, "it is customary, as you know, sir, you paid but two shillings to come in—and then, sir, for leaving here before the rest of the company, it is usual that such persons on absenting themselves, place in the hands of the door-keeper the sum of one dollar, for the purpose of buying candles, in order that the ladies may see when the moon rises.

"TELL CHAPMAN TO CROW."—A large tree floated down the Falls yesterday, on one of the branches of which sat an old rooster, who might well have sung the song of "Oh! shall we go sailing," but from his dejected and lone appearance we presume he was not in the humor to "crow." He passed on to the bay, and the people wished him good luck.—*Ocean.*